

When PARTHENOPHE came hither, At
the presence of that Nymph, (That hill
was heaven! where I lay dreaming)
But when I had espied her walking.
And in hand her Rose and Lilies As
sacrifice given by that garden;

(To Love, stood sacred that fair
garden !) I dared the Nymphs to
hasten hither. Make homage to the
Rose and Lilies! Which are sacred to
my Nymph. Wonder, when you see her
walking! (Might I see her, but in
dreaming!)

Even the fancy of that Nymph
Would make me, night and day, come
hither, To sleep in this thrice happy
garden.

SONNET CIV.



OLD ! matchless Mirror of all
Womankind !
These Pens and Sonnets, servants
of thy praise!
Placed in a world of graces, which
amaze
All young beholders, through Desire
blind. Thou, to whom conquered CUPID
hath resigned
His bow and darts, during thy sunny
days !
Through thine eyes' force enfeebled by
the rays
Which wonderers, to their cost, in thine
eyes find! That there, with beauty's
excellence unable,
To write, or bear, my pens, and books
refuse;
Thine endless graces are so
amiable! Passing the spirit of mine
humble Muse.
So that the more I write, more graces
rise!
Which mine astonished Muse cannot
comprise.

FINIS.